

Cattersall's Club Magazine

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
S Y D N E Y.

Vol. 17. No. 2. April, 1944.



AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

AUTUMN MEETING

To be held at

RANDWICK

APRIL 8th, 10th and 15th, 1944

PRINCIPAL EVENTS

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, APRIL 8th

A.J.C. Sires' Produce Stakes, £3,500 ac	Ided Seven Furlongs
The Autumn Stakes, £1,500 added	One Mile and a Half
The Doncaster Handicap, £2,500 added	One Mile
The A.J.C. St. Leger, £1,500 added	One Mile and Three-quarters

SECOND DAY, MONDAY (Easter Monday) APRIL 10th

The All-Aged Stakes, £1,500 added	One Mile
The Sydney Cup, £5,000 added	Two Miles

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, APRIL 15th

The	Champagne Sta	akes, £2,000	added a		Six Furlongs
	A.J.C. Plate, £1			One Mile and	Three-quarters

Admission tickets for the Saddling Paddock only may be purchased on the day of the Races at The Hotel Australia or A. A. Marks, Tobacconist, Circular Quay.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

GEO. T. ROWE, Secretary.

Established 14th May, 1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SYDNEY

Chairman:

W. W. HILL

+

Treasurer:

S. E. CHATTERTON

+

Committee :

GEORGE CHIENE

A. G. COLLINS

DAVID A. CRAIG

JOHN HICKEY

A. J. MATTHEWS

JOHN H. O'DEA

JOHN A. ROLES

F. G. UNDERWOOD

Secretary:

T. T. MANNING

MORALE in this war is a word as blessed as the old lady of fiction dubbed Mesopotamia. It's a high-sounding substitute for expressing confidence. The powers which sustain it longer will win.

Morale is regarded as a form of moral strength in mass; and yet it is essentially an individual attribute. The mass reacts to the condition of the individual.

Germany and Japan are not lacking in the physical equipment of war. Hitler's and Tojo's fears centre in the cracking of morale on the home front. They realise that the fissure may widen rapidly to the forces. Hence their tremendous propaganda to reinstate "the will to win."

We on the Home front have an obligation expressed largely in terms of morale—each man pulling his weight in his job and, over and above that, giving everything possible in deed and by force of example to war effort. This is incumbent, not only on every man, but on every institution and organisation.

Tattersall's Club is your medium. When you get behind its war appeals you add to the solid core of morale.

Vol. 17-No. 2.

April, 1944.

The Club Man's Diary

APRIL BIRTHDAYS: 6th, R. W. Evans; 8th, C. Kinsela, M. V. Gibson; 10th, K. A. Bennett, W. R. Dovey, K.C.; 12th, C. L. Fader; 23rd, D. Lotherington; 24th, Major McLeod; 30th, P. T. Kavanagh.

I see be th' peepers that Flight has been rated "one of the best gallopers of all time." Sometimes we are inclined to write a limerick

starting: "Once a young mare called Valicare." That's because it's harder to find a rhyme for Wakeful.

One day we will read of a writer being rushed to hospital suffering from a severe strain of imagination.

There are no flies on Flight—and yet she flies!

All these references to speed recall a hectic morning. My job was to write a personal sketch of Northcliffe, interwoven with an interview. I had been enjoined strictly to catch the first edition. The ship bearing the newspaper baron had been delayed. When I returned to the office by taxi—having broken all speed records—waiting on the door mat was a sanguine group, including the Editor, news editor, and chief sub-editor.

It was then 10.20 a.m. and the story had to be in the printer's hands progressively by 10.50 a.m. deadline. Swinging out of my coat in my stride, and forgetting all about notes taken in the interview, I commenced to dictate to a fast typist, with a relay of copy boys racing sometimes as little as a recorded sentence to the printer—with the editor, the news editor and the chief sub-editor ripping sheets from the typewriter and firing them along to the battery of linotype operators.

Amid all this hurry and scurry I had to preserve the coherency of the story. However, we made it!

Australians will cheer the news that Sir Stanley Jackson, president of the M.C.C., is coming into the picture as a champion of bright—or, should we say, brighter, cricket—after the greater game of war has closed its innings, and the sportsmen

—those who remain—fossick in forgotten places for their flannels and their gear.

Sir Stanley was one of England's greatest and brightest batsmen and is a cricketer to the manner born. He typifies all that is splendid in sportsmanship. It was he who intervened in the unfortunate bodyline crisis and, by force of his personality, remoulded the shattered relations between England and her Dominions.

* * *

"All will be well from now on," said the late Clarence Moody to me when the news was cabled from England that Sir Stanley had taken a hand. Clarence Moody spoke out of a knowledge of, and an affection for, the Englishman. Moody had ac-

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

The Committee wishes to advise members that no applications for membership will be received until further notice.

companied an Australian XI. to the Motherland in the nineties and, later, had written the book published by George Giffen, his brother South Australian and titled, "With Bat and Ball."

Moody recalled an experience when Sir Stanley, playing a forcing Test innings for England, had been caught on the boundary—or over the boundary as it was ruled—and had been given not out. Sir Stanley deliberately got under the next ball and lifted it high to the fielder who had taken the catch in dispute. The ball was held and, this time, there was no doubt.

England needed Jackson and the runs, but the batsman didn't need to be instructed in sportsmanship. The crowd applauded—and so did the Australians. His action was in no sense showy. As he saw it, he had done the decent thing. May his shadow never grow less.

Lord Lonsdale told how he had knocked out John L. Sullivan in America in 1879 in five rounds. "Before I achieved victory," he said, "Sullivan gave me a lively time, for I had a bone in my chest broken, as well as a thumb knuckle." Lord Lonsdale is still alive and kicking, I

"For good undone and gifts mispent and resolutions vain.—Adam Lindsay Gordon.

believe.

I promise when my disposition's souring,

When all my soul is filled with dumb dismay,

And melancholy's grip is overpower-

I'll throw my wretched temperament away:

Then rouse myself and seek a new correction,

A tonic, when I'm feeling dismal,

I'll push aside despair and dumb dejection,

Plus irritants that give me cause to rue.

When words that ought to flow shall pause and falter,

When rhyme (in haste) and metre meet mishap,

I promise not to swear, but I will alter

And act just like a decent, normal chap.

I will not wish the printer to the devil,

Much less make-up men, all who cause me pain,
I shall forgive, and, this is on the

level—

I fear these resolutions will be vain!

Sometimes I find the more interesting portion of the race broadcast that describing, not the race, but the proceedings at the barrier before the race. Some day a broadcaster of exceptional flair may weave a colourful story of the return to scale—straight from the horse's mouth, and straight from the punter's heart. If the broadcaster happen to be clair-voyant and clairaudient, all the better—we might hear something from the dead 'uns.

They're supposed to be serving up horses in sausages; but if it gets worse we might hear the waiter: "Try a little chorus girl pie, sir."

The club grumbler might be heard to complain: "I ordered a leg of Hollywood lovely and they served me with a shin!"

* *

When I see the lolly-legs of Marlene Dietrich still being sported as a lure, and the Spring-touch being given to those long-matured in the mutton class, I don't feel so much of a grandaddy, after all.

* * *

One time the game used to be, think of a number, double it. Now, the game seems to be, according to reports, think of a wager, double it.

* * *

"What were you doing before pick an' shovel?" inquired the roving reporter of the road-worker. "Pickin' doubles," was the road-worker's reply.

Everybody talks of the horse—sporting scribes, jockeys, trainers, bookmakers, punters . . . and, occasionally, even the owners get a word in edgeways.

* * *

Mr. Neville Cardus confuses us occasionally with his music notes, but not with this reference to the character of Eunice Gardiner's piano playing: "Miss Gardiner kept tenaciously to the bone of the argument."

"The beauty and mystery of ships," as written by "A.E.G." in "The Bulletin," and reprinted here as an outstanding example of imagery and fine writing:

I am writing these words at sea, where my life has been spent. As I write the ship is trembling from the speed of her passage, and she is lifting and dipping to the Pacific swell. It is difficult to believe that she is not alive, and a sailor does in fact think of a ship as a living thing. I was on the bridge of an old destroyer when the order "Finished with main engines" was given for the last time before she went on the scrapheap. As the words were pronounced the ship shuddered from stem to stern.

Often I have heard Sir James Grigg, a British Cabinet Minister, confused with Sir Edward Grigg, author of those dull speeches made by the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) during his Australian tour. As H.R.H. came up from the wordy depths for breath, it seemed occasionally that he might depart from the commonplace in sheer desperation, plus consideration for his bored auditors. Always he was fixed by the stern eye of Sir Edward, who followed the dreary

AFFILIATED CLUBS

Century Club, Panama, U.S.A.

Denver Athletic Club, Denver, U.S.A.

Lake Shore Club of Chicago, Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, III.

Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los

Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Allied with the Los Angeles

Athletic Club:-

Pacific Coast Club.

Hollywood Athletic Club.

Riviera Country Club. .

Santa Monica Deauville Club.

Olympic Club, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

New York Athletic Club, 180 Central Park South, New York, U.S.A.

Terminal City Club, 837 West Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

The San Diego Club, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

reading, open-mouthed, like the proud papa of the elocutionary three-year-old stampeding the drawing-room with "Little Bo-Peep."

* * *

Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian dictator held as a hostage by Hitler, used to ride a white horse in his heyday. This fact the Japanese Emperor might want to forget. He also rides a white horse. The roll might be called of others in history who had ridden white horses and failed to make the water jump—without reference, of course, to the white horse on the label.

ART OF DROPPING

As a peace feeler, Hitler is said to have discreetly dropped his original demands on the Allies.

Just as a chap would drop a crook

Some kind (?) friend handed him,

into a jar.

Or as he'd toss a beer (the tenth,

Or as he d toss a beer (the tenth, so far)

Forced ruthlessly on him, beneath the bar.

Just as a knut would drop his money On something choice, with lips of honey

But in a manner dignified and sweetly.

Like those who make the peace (and pace), discreetly.

* * *

Calling all sportsmen—the service men and service women of this war and the previous war are without a club, that home away from home which many of us enjoy. But that omission is to be repaired, a people's debt to those who served is to be liquidated at long last. And here's your opportunity.

With the backing of the Returned Soldiers' League, with the Premier as patron and the Lord Mayor as president, a fund has been opened, known as the Anzac House Fund Appeal. It is a call to patriotism but, as Nurse Cavill said before her execution, patriotism is not enough. Mere lip service will not do. Our obligation to these men and women may be expressed at this time only in the one way—by dipping into our pockets.

Menzies' private hotel has been purchased and will be converted to serve immediate needs; but the objective goes beyond that—to raise on that site club premises that will stand as a monument to our gratitude, that will provide a rendezvous where those bound by common ties may foregather and pay homage to memory and renew the old friendships, and retell the old experiences, and refight the old battles. Such a club is our obligation and the Diggers' due.

Our club members will rush the opportunity to play their part as they have done in other connections. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, (Continued on Page 7.)

Annual Easter Sales of Bloodstock

will be held at

NEWMARKET STABLES, RANDWICK

as follows :-

THOROUGHBRED YEARLINGS

TUESDAY, APRIL 11th, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12th, and THURSDAY, APRIL 13th, 1944.

The Catalogue includes particulars of 415 High-Class Yearlings from the leading Studs in N.S.W. and Queensland.

BROOD MARES

FRIDAY, APRIL 14th, 1944.

The Catalogue comprises particulars of 70 HIGHLY-BRED BROOD MARES, many with foals at foot by well-known sires and served again, and includes a consignment of 35 High-Class Brood Mares from Mr. P. Miller, Kia-ora Stud, Scone.

FURTHER ENTRIES INVITED.

STALLIONS, UNTRIED STOCK AND RACEHORSES IN TRAINING

MONDAY, APRIL 17th, 1944.

Particulars have already been received of the following:—
STALLIONS:—Hall Mark, Nuffield, Sir Calidore (imp.), Rimveil,
Gundagai, St. George, and Cremorne.

25 UNTRIED STOCK by Spearfelt, Spear Chief, Cheveley Lad (imp.), Marabou, Pentheus, Medieval Knight (imp.), etc.

RACEHORSES:—John Halifax, Pall Mall, Cargeonel, Swansdown, Lady Hamilton, Sincerity, Marigold, Paratroop, Ayarpee, Mannawonga, Wolseley, Tactic, Abspear, Enthuse, Bruegmah, Gallop, Russia, Gay Fresco, Bogul, Stream Bird, Corregidor, Lord Kagal, Veil Spy, Airdrie, The Adjutant, Kendal, Propoganda, Red Milton, Wyavis, Highflyer, Aircraft, Oberon, Severant, Longbow, Gold Rush, Gimme, Take Care, Salvator, Royal Salute, Blue Spur, His Lordship, etc.

FURTHER ENTRIES INVITED.

WILLIAM INGLIS & SON PTY, LTD.

BLOODSTOCK SALESMEN & LICENSED AUCTIONEERS, 28 O'CONNELL STREET, SYDNEY.

'Phones: B 6411, B 6412.

AROUND THE YEARLINGS

NEW SIRES AND PROVED SIRES

Four hundred and fifteen yearlings, representing almost a record range of interests, by proved and new sires of pronounced importance, will be submitted at auction at the coming Easter Sales.

Three days will be required to dispose of a catalogue which should rival any of its predecessors in monetary value.

Of the new sires represented by yearlings for the first time, Ajax, because of his turf exploits, will command particular attention.

He will not be without serious rivals, for this year the stock of Februag, Genetout, Golden Sovereign, Le Grand Duc, and Manitoba have forced their way to the forefront, and their colts and fillies are certain to make yearling sale history.

As Ajax carved for himself a high record as a racehorse, his eight representatives, four colts and four fillies, first are looked over. Obviously he is dominant male for it is significant that he has transmitted his chestnut colour to seven of the eight youngsters.

The Ajax brood will come in a solid block during the latter part of the first day, the first being a colt from Corbiere, an imported mare who produced the smart Vanity Fair to Brueghel.

The colts from Complete and Only Us are brothers in blood, their dams being sisters and the youngsters are of the Hall Mark, Nuffield, and Trivalve family.

Possibly the most sought after colt will be that by Ajax from Gold Tinge, who has been commented on favourably by the critics, while if there is anything in breeding, the filly from Astrid's dam, Aulone, should go fast.

The only bay in the consignment, a filly from Water Gipsy, is a half sister to the Newmarket Handicap winner, All Veil.

Merry Mathew, as a high-class performer in England from six furlongs to a mile and three-quarters, has eleven yearlings to represent him, his first crop. He was brought to Australia some years ago, and has had every opportunity to settle down. His record invests him with unusual interest. Colts predominate, and there are close relations to a number of good performers.

Agincourt, who also has eight representatives, is catalogued for the first time as a sire. He is by the Ascot Gold Cup winner Bosworth, and in addition he is a half-brother to The Buzzard, who has done so well at the stud in Queensland. Agincourt was a winner in England, and from a breeding angle can claim to be a member of the Paraffin family.

Beaupartir, who has five of his first yearlings catalogued, was not seen at his best in Australia, but was a great performer in New Zealand when the form standard was high. His first stock comprise three colts and two fillies.

Greenwich, who has only three representatives, is by the famous Fairway and a winner at England's turf H.Q. Newmarket himself. His credentials cannot be faulted, for his dam also is a daughter of a great sire in Swynford.

Titan, whose six representatives are widely distributed thoughout the catalogue, won at Goodwood, and is a son of Hyperion and the Phalaris mare Priscilla. One of the most interesting of his first yearlings is a filly from Busy Biddy, who is a sister to Katanga. Titan was raced in England by Lord Rosebery, and sold direct to his present owners.

Pure Gold and Seven Fifty are locally bred sires having their first representation. Pure Gold did not reach the heights of his brother, Hall Mark, as a racehorse, but was a solid and versatile performer with the ability to win on practically all courses in Melbourne. A brown colt by Pure Gold from Senora is a half-brother to this season's improving three-year-old Cordale.

Seven Fifty, winner in N.S.W. and Queensland, and one of the most attractive sons of The Buzzard, has

only three representatives, all bay colts, who do credit to their sire.

Of the up-and-coming sires, Genetout, winner in France and in Australia, has attracted attention through Tribal, Castle Frontenac and Warlock. His first colt catalogued is a bay from Cineraria by Diomedes, from Cinna. Cinna is a half-sister to Beau Pere and Mr. Standfast, two of the proved sires of the present time in Australia. The Providence colt is a half-brother to Grand Prodige and the Rossolis colt, a half-brother to Sincerity.

Majesty and Miss Sovereign have been smart two-year-old winners this season for Golden Sovereign, who will be represented by his second batch of thirteen yearlings.

Most attention so far has been centred on the brown filly from The Metropolitan winner Feminist, a particularly well-grown youngster and a first foal. Seven fillies outweigh six colts numerically, but they

(Continued on Page 6.)



constitute an interesting draft. Of the colts, a bay from Gloriole suggests speed and the sister to Majesty will not be overlooked.

Four colts and five fillies by Le Grand Duc have been listed to carry on the good work begun this year by the two-year-olds Bravo, Birthright and Ducal Gem. Le Grand Duc as a son of the Derby winner Blenheim, hardly could fail as a successful sire.

Manitoba with nine yearlings is not a comparatively new sire, but he keeps adding to his list of winners and is a sire of smart horses. Main interest in his stock will be centred on the brown colt from Du Barry, the half-brother to Versailles, and Mayfowl's half-sister, who is a bay.

Moorland has been the outstanding advertisement for the Felstead horse Felcrag, who has eleven representatives. Moorland has been supported by Felbeam and Scaur-fel. Lot 107 is a bay colt, a brother to Moorland, who will not be overlooked.

Mr. Standfast's oldest prodigy in Australia are two-year-olds, but in New Zealand, before being brought to the Commonwealth, he sired Lord Chancellor, next best horse to Kindergarten. Mr. Standfast has a wealth of other good winners over the Tasman, and with limited opportunities he has been successfully represented in Brisbane, while Tea Rose has won for him in Sydney. Mr. Standfast is by Buchan, was lightly raced in England and began his stud career in Ireland, siring an unbeaten two-year-old Ever True, who won afterwards in South Africa. He is represented by nine yearlings.

Interesting and recent close relations are not so prominent in this year's catalogue, but the brother to MacArthur and half-brother to Royal Chief and Britannic seems to have possibilities.

Lot 222 is a sister to Riverton and Cold Shower, and a half-sister to Talking, a bay by Midstream from Society. She comes from a line of winners.

However, despite the absence of pronounced family claims the catalogue is highly interesting, and Messrs. W. Inglis and Son. Pty. should have a record sale.

LOST HIS TEMPER

Recounting instances of the individualism of Diggers in combat with the Japanese in New Guinea, John Scarlett, "S.M. Herald" war correspondent, wrote:

Another Australian infantryman had an even breezier finish to a bout which he fought with a Japanese on the edge of a cliff near Prothero. Neither was armed at the time, and the enemy, young and muscular, was trying to bring his celebrated jiujitsu into play. The Australian gave him no opportunity. Gulping in a deep breath, he lifted the Japanese off his feet and threw him over the cliff. Later, his interested friends were asking him for details.

"Bit lucky, weren't you, son?" said one. "You weren't doing so well when I saw you. How'd you work it?"

The victor grinned. "Aw, I reckon I must have lost my temper," he explained.

"Horse Sense" writes: "If horses could talk I wonder what many of them would say when the names given to them are called?"

"I guess the war'll be over in six months!"

DON'T GUESS— —it's dangerous!

Messrs. Cocksure, Complacent and Cantlose are a menace to the war effort. They confuse optimism with ostrichism. The road to victory is long and hard. The only way to shorten it is to stop guessing and start doing. SPEED the Victory by investing every pound of your savings in Australia's First Victory Loan.

SPEED THE VICTORY ...

INVEST IN THE FIRST

VICTORY LOAN



The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Recording the death at Manly of Harry J. Robinson (73), trainer of Poitrel, the "Daily Telegraph" wrote:

To train Poitrel for his 1920 Melbourne Cup win, Robinson had to A powerful editor of the past had a habit of scrawling across the proof of matter of which he did not approve "waste space." I pictured him in that mood on my reading recently

According to "The Horse and Hound" Lord Derby's Hyperion (by Gainsborough-Selene) is the most valuable horse in the world. This picture shows him being led in after winning the Chester Vase. He subsequently won The Derby in 1933, and sired the classic winners, Owen Tudor, Sun Chariot, Godiva and Sun Castle.

stand the horse in boxes of clay, because he had shelly feet to which racing shoes could not be nailed. Contemporaries said it was a miracle that Robinson got him fit to win the race with 10st. Another horse trained by Robinson, Erasmus, ran second to Poitrel.

an article giving the betting on when the war would end, fortified by interviews with bookmakers.

As an excursion into unreality and detachment carried to a ludicrous extreme, this might stand as an "all-time record."

Mr. C. J. Knudson, well known in this club as a former chief engineer of the Matson line, writes from a war job overseas his greetings to all old friends, wishing them well. When peace comes he plans to revisit Sydney and drink a toast or two.

Where every day is settling day Alike when books and punters pay, Where none collect but give away, And e'en a horse may not say "neigh."

Where penalties await the lax,
Where figures count as well as fact,
And fortunes wane, while tempers
was,

In short, the place we pay our tax.

We regret to announce the deaths of Mr. Harry Taylor and Mr. Cecil W. Bennett, and we extend our sympathy to their families. Mr. Taylor died in Melbourne on March 6. He was managing director of the Advanx Tyre and Rubber Coy., and had been elected a member of this club on September 18, 1833. Mr. Bennett, who died on March 25, had been a club member since May 15, 1939.

The "Sunday Sun's" "Fact" supplement tells this story about Jerry Geisler, counsel for Charlie Chaplin:

With an odd sense of humour, Geisler recently saw a close friend running along a beach for exercise, shouted to a policeman: "He stole my watch!"

When the friend was arrested Geisler denied ever having seen him before, let him spend the night in gaol before explaining.

Two Cockney fire watchers on a London roof ducked for shelter as a rocket shell burst overhead. As fragments clattered around them, one observed: "Blimey! It sounds like an Orstrylian trying to get a beer after the pubs shut."—"The Sun."

According to a "S.M. Herald" cable, General Montgomery won't have women in the battle area, an American woman correspondent complained.

Evidently Monty believes in one war at a time.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Members will be held in the Club Room on Wednesday, 10th May, 1944, at 8 o'clock p.m.

BUSINESS:

- (a) To confirm Minutes of Annual General Meeting of Members held on the 12th May, 1943.
- (b) To adopt the Annual Report, Profit and Loss Account, Balance Sheet and accompanying Statements for the year ended 29th February, 1944.
- (c) To elect a Chairman.

Mr. W. W. Hill retires in accordance with the Rules, and being eligible, offers himself for re-election.

(d) To elect a Treasurer.

Mr. S. E. Chatterton retires in accordance with the Rules, and being eligible, offers himself for re-election.

(e) To elect Four Members to serve on the Committee for two years.

Messrs. G. Chiene, D. A. Craig, A. J. Matthews and J. A. Roles are the retiring Members of the Committee, all of whom are eligible for re-election and offer themselves accordingly.

(f) To elect an Auditor or Auditors.

Messrs. Horley & Horley and Starkey & Starkey retire, and offer themselves for re-election.

(g) To transact any other business that may be brought before the Meeting in accordance with the Rules of the Club.

N.B.—Nominations for the office of Chairman, Treasurer, or Member of Committee, signed by two Members, and with the written consent of the Nominee endorsed thereon, must be handed to the Secretary twenty-one days at least previous to the Annual General Meeting.

Nominations for Auditors must be lodged not later than 12 noon, 1st May, 1944.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.

27th March, 1944.

RETIRING OFFICE BEARERS



G. CHIENE. Elected Committeeman 6th May, 1936.



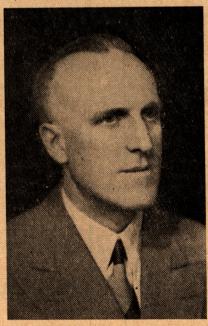
W. W. HILL, CHAIRMAN. Elected Treasurer 7th May, 1931. Elected Chairman 5th May, 1932.



D. A. CRAIG. Elected Committeeman 15th May, 1940.



A. J. MATTHEWS. Elected Committeeman 5th July, 1939.



S. E. CHATTERTON, TREASURER. Elected Treasurer 5th May, 1932.



J. A. Roles. Elected Committeeman 24th April, 1924.

All the retiring Office Bearers are eligible and offer themselves for re-election at the Annual General Meeting of Members to be held at 8 p.m. on 10th May, 1944.

Memory of Muriel

One of the broadcasting stations dredged from the past a record: "How Y' Gonna Keep Him Down On Th' Farm," probably one of the cleverest of its type written. An American girl, Muriel Window, first featured it—I prefer "featured" to "sing" in her instance—in the early 1920's, when her figure set mankind agape and womankind (or unkind) wincing.

I had to interview Muriel, purely professionally. When I had adjusted my sight, she started off by wingeing about a press notice regarding her appearance at a soiree aboard a warship. She alleged: "That newspaper guy wrote that I appeared in a creation like a lampshade and that I was thrown overboard and had to beat it for the shore."

"A creation like a lampshade," I repeated. "It must have been something light—sort of I passed by your window."

She gulped, recovered, and went on to tell me the story of her life. Very interesting. She trotted out the old, old gag of "a big, rich squatter wanting to marry her," and ended up with the old, old invitation to "come behind"—meaning to go behind scenes—one evening and see her.

She didn't mean it any more than I intended to take her at her word. I never allowed women to become entangled in my job. Otherwise, a writer would be cramped in his style. All women of the stage, like all coons in the song, looked alike t' me.

Next time we met, I failed to recognise her immediately—strange as this might seem—and she didn't recall me. She missed my name at the introduction, and, when she asked, "What's the name?" I answered "Jones." I didn't want to be interviewed on my interview.

On another occasion a Queen of the Stage, with a formidable bosom, called at the office to see me about a first night notice I had written. I had not time to run for cover before she was standing opposite me at my desk. Fortunately, she had mistaken the office. The notice she complained of had appeared in a neighbouring newspaper. When she announced her intention of going there, I waited until she had retired, then 'phoned my colleague, a nervous little fellow. "Thanks, old man," he spluttered.

—THE CLUB MAN

From the "Sunday Telegraph": The president of the New South Wales Rubgy Union (Mr. Justice Herron) was elected unopposed as president of the Australian Golf Club at the club's annual meeting. He is the only president, in the 49 years' existence of the club who had not previously held office in the club.

.....



THE LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS.

- Over £100,000,000 subscribed to Government War Loans since the outbreak of war.
- Over 12,000 members of the Staff are in the Forces.

G. J. M. BEST, F.C.I.I., General Manager for Australia and N.Z. F. D. FOSKEY, A.C.I.I., Assistant Manager for Australia and N.Z. R. C. CHAPPLE, F.A.I.I., Agency Manager for Australia and N.Z. L. W. OFFORD, F.I.A., Actuary for Australia and New Zealand.

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Horace Lindrum Gives Snooker Exhibition

Members Rally to Good Cause in Drive for Australian Comforts Fund.

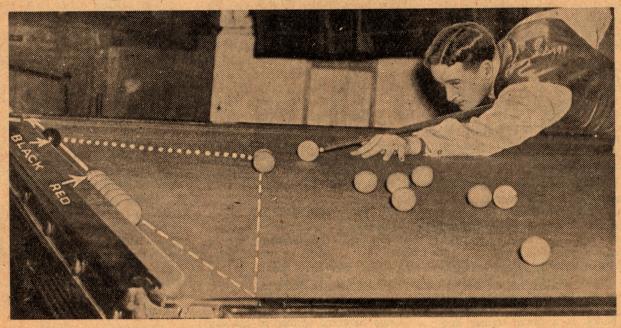
Billiards and snooker fans did a handsome job on Thursday night of March 9 when Horace Lindrum visited the Club in the course of his Snooker Drive for the Australian Comforts Fund.

Our match table was erected in the Club Room for the occasion, and continuing, Lindrum gave a delightful exhibition of trick and fancy shots, many of which were in the unbelievable class, but negotiated with ease by the cueist. An interesting interlude was provided by Jim Bancks, who is noted for his smile-producing proclivities, and he lived right up to his reputation.

He gave a lecture on "How the

"lecture" worth another £15 for the good cause.

Proceedings came to an end at 11 o'clock with everyone happy because of a delightful evening replete with flashes of genius and merriment ad lib. All voted it one of the best nights of its kind ever and the result was one of which our club might be justly proud.



This is one of the remarkable shots Horace Lindrum played at his Club exhibition. With the balls apparently safe the champion potted the red ball marked with an arrow despite the fact of the black ball being in the way. Lindrum forced the first of the two clustered balls on to the side cushion, as shown by dotted line while he cannoned on the black to remove it and make way for his objective. Thus was the "impossible" made easy.

a nicely filled auditorium greeted the champion for his exhibition. There was plenty of action in proceedings, which started on a high note and was sustained from beginning to end, as might be gathered from the magnificent response of £259 nett.

After playing three exhibition matches Lindrum offered to play any member who desired a game, and several "challenges" provided excellent snooker and much laughter, while the Fund benefited substantially.

At 9.15 a break was made in the programme while members and their ladies partook of refreshment and, on

Game should be Played," and dealt at length on some of the finer points while spectators roared with laughter. The speaker was actually "talking in reverse," as everything he said was close to the direct opposite-and palpably so-of what should be done. Tim also played some extraordinary shots of his own creation. He astounded lookers-on, not by his skill, but by his gameness to produce them before an assemblage of intelligent persons. But, we hand it to Jim Bancks as an actor and comedian of the first water and no one was surprised when members thought the

It is interesting to recall here that the Drive has now concluded and netted the magnificent sum of £2,400° and, best of all, the expenses side of the 42 exhibitions given in a threemonths' tour of city, suburban and near-country venues are shown on the official balance sheet as NIL. The organising committee of the Drive claim it as a world record. This page is not competent to express an opinion on that score, but you cannot spend less than nothing, and we offer sincere congratulations on a magnificent achievement in which we are also proud of having given a big hand.

Sports Round in U.S.A.

WITH GRANTLAND RICE

Sports' Golden Age.

What has become of the Golden Agers of sport who followed the first world war in something ap-

proaching a tidal wave?

I mean Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden, Rogers Hornsby, Earl Sande, Red Grange, Tommy Hitchcock, Gene Tunney, Gene Sarazen, Glenna Collett, Helen Wills—the longest list of top stars that sport has ever known. And this list doesn't include such past performers as Walter Hagen and Willie Hoppe, who were on top before the first world war even got under

Where are they now?

Jack Dempsey at 47, approaching 48, is a Lieutenant Commander in the Coast Guard. Gene Tunney, somewhat younger, is a Navy Commander. Bobby Jones is a Major in the Air Force, now in England, at

the ripe old age of 41.

Babe Ruth, a portly citizen, but no more portly than he was in his record-breaking home-run year, around the 50 year mark, is a lusty worker on the war bond team. Bill Tilden is a will-o'-the-wisp, but still a great tennis player. Tommy Hitch-cock, now 43, is training for combat service in the Air Force. Red Grange has a good job out west. Earl Sande is a horse trainer and doing well.

Gene Sarazen, who has just sold his Connecticut farm, is working for a war firm and playing golf here and there on the side. Gene is now 40. Glenna Collett and Helen Wills are two married ladies who only play golf and tennis occasionally. Rogers Hornsby, one of the best, is still trying to keep the Texas League in motion. Their ages range from 40 to 50, but in the main they are all hale, hearty and active.

Those enrolled in the Golden Age of Sport set a mark that will be hard to follow when the present world war is over and the big guns are

spiked.

When the Germans and the Japs are whipped to the dust, rolled back and folded up, the sporting era just ahead will have a miracle to face if it hopes to outclass the so-called Golden Age that followed the last war.

It will have to give us more glamorous figures and a record flare of colour.

What is colour? No one can quite say. But in the main it is the personal appeal to the crowd—something the crowd understands beyond all experts. No one can quite explain the colour of a Ruth, Dempsey, Bobby Jones, Tilden or Red Grange. But this colour was all set upon or based upon the foundation of exceptional skill and exceptional ability.

There can be no colour attached to mediocrity. You can gamble on that. Walter Hagen had amazing colour. But don't forget that on the side Walter Hagen was one of the greatest golfers, one of the greatest shot-makers that ever lived. Babe Ruth had amazing colour—but don't forget that Babe Ruth also was one of the greatest ball players of all time.

The aftermath of World War No. 2 will have a tremendous job ahead in outpacing the Golden Age of Sport that followed in the wake of the other war that ran down the curtain over 25 years ago.

When Do Pro's Finish?

Gene Sarazen, winner in his day and time of the U.S. Open, British Open, P.G.A., Masters and all major events on the professional side, has more ideas than he has golf swings.

The former Connecticut squire, who has sold his farm, cows, pigs, chickens, tractors, alfalfa and whatever else belongs on a farm, is now up and around with a new thought.

It is his belief that all professional golfers who are not instructors, who are not connected with some club or some golf manufacturing company, should be declared amateurs at the age of 50.

"Professional golfers are just about washed up at the age of 40," Gene said. "I am now referring to the tournament players. I ought to know. I've done pretty well here and there as a competitor. But I also

know at the age of forty or fortyone what it means to tackle a ten
under or a twelve under par field for
seventy-two holes. It is like facing
a tidal wave. You can beat par by
two or three strokes and finish out
of the money. But it would be nice
when you are fifty to be given an
amateur rating where you could still
play in invitation tournaments and
maybe win a small cup or a travelling bag if you had enough strokes.

"I'm talking about golf for the fun of the game, not the money you might win. If you are an instructor connected with some club, or you are working for a golf firm, that's dif-

ferent.

"But take my case. I've been a professional since I started out as a caddie when I was nine years old. I'd like to be an amateur before I die, just to play in tournaments for the fun of it. Maybe win a pewter cup or a set of irons. Anything Something for fun.

"These pro golfers over forty who are trying to compete with the Byron Nelsons, Jug McSpadens and others who laugh at par, are foolish. Why Bobby Jones is only forty-two years old and Bobby discovered some years ago he couldn't tackle seventy-two holes with this modern bunch."

Only recently the U.S.G.A. gave

TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SUPPORTS
73
AUSTRALIAN
PRISONERS OF WAR

Johnny Dawson his rating as an amateur.

For some years Johnny Dawson has been in the odd or peculiar position of being neither a professional or an amateur. He could play in any amateur tournament except the U.S. G.A. championship.

Yet for the last few years he has been the best amateur golfer in the country by a wide margin, including Bud Ward and Frank Chapman and others who have won this title.

Johnny Dawson was never rated as a pro. But working for a golf firm he has played in no amateur championship for many years. Yet Johnny Dawson was by all odds our finest amateur player. I saw Dawson manhandle such fine pros as Byron Nelson, Ben Hogan, Sammy Snead and others at Bing Crosby's last big tournament. I've seen him shoot difficult par 72 courses in 63 and 64.

Playing as neither fish nor fowl, it is my belief that Johnny retired from the amateur title ranks on his own rather than face amateur trouble.

Johnny Dawson, a great fellow,

was caught in a maelstrom between the amateur and the professional roundup. He has always been a sportsman to the last nod. He became bewildered. The amateurs, who in the main are not as good sports as the pros (I mean the tops), gave him the fish eye.

I've heard the pros bawl him out for winning tournaments where he had no chance to profit financially or through publicity. But I still believe that through the last five years Johnny Dawson could have been the outstanding amateur, with strokes to spare, or one of the best of the pros.

About the Famous Babe.

Babe Ruth isn't the only famous Babe. There is another by the name of Babe Didrickson.

Babe Didrickson was given her amateur toga on the same day that Johnny Dawson received his diploma. Babe Didrickson, like Johnny Dawson, is potentially the finest of the women amateurs in golf. She recently turned in a 66 or a 67 on a California course.

Babe Didrickson is almost as long off the tee as such golfers as Byron Nelson, Craig Wood, Ben Hogan or any you can mention. I've seen her reach a 550 yard hole with a drive and a spoon. The Babe can slip you a 70 or an 88. Her short game is a matter of the day's mood. It can be brilliant or terrible.

The Babe also has another competitive weakness. She isn't sure whether she wants to be the world's best golfer, tennis player, basketball player, bowler, track star, ballplayer, rifle shot or swimmer and diver.

I see where she has finally decided to concentrate on golf and tennis.

Babe Didrickson can play more shots and turn in lower scoring than any of the women. She can outdrive them many yards. But she is up against a hard-boiled tournament outfit who know their way around, who can drive 240 yards and then pitch, chip and putt.

These leading women golfers are something to beat. Down the stretch they are colder than Arctic icebergs. They don't beat themselves.

It will be interesting to see what Babe Didrickson can do against the best of the women players who are all looking in the general direction of her slightly auburn scalp.

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Real Live Lion Stories

There's an Old Song that Goes: "The British Lion is a Noble Scion."

A REMINISCENCE of the late Phil Wirth, written recently in the Press, recalled a sensational lion hunt, with an amusing sequel, at Murrurundi. Victor Downey was the author of the narrative.

The circus was showing in that town at the time, and at the close of a performance in which lions and wolves were taking part, a small cage on wheels was brought up to the large cage to remove the animals. There was a boy standing at the little cage holding the door open for the lions to enter, but at a critical moment he allowed the door to close while the door of the big cage was open. In a flash five lions tumbled out, and, making for the door of the tent, got away. Four were recaptured without difficulty, but the fifth, a big tawny-maned lion named Columbus, played up Old Harry.

Mr. Phil Wirth hurriedly organised a search party—which included the writer—for the missing lion. I remember that it was a moonlight night, and, as we were crossing a field on the outskirts of the town, we sighted Columbus stalking a horse. We had a little cage on wheels and carried pitchforks and a lot of canvas. As we cautiously approached, we saw the lion pounce and with a sweep of his forepaw strike the horse senseless. The horse subsequently had to be destroyed, and it cost Mr. Wirth £30 compensation.

After knocking the horse over, Columbus galloped away and eluded his pursuers for hours. About midnight he was seen to creep stealthily into a shed filled with roosting fowls. For a few moments there was deathly silence and then pandemonium broke loose as Columbus swept the birds off their perches with a sweeping blow of his forepaw. The cackling of the hens, mingled with several staccato roars from the lion, made night hideous.

The cage was rushed to the door of the shed and Columbus was trapped. Peering through a chink in the wall, the writer never saw a funnier sight than the expression on the lion's face. The air was filled with floating feathers. In a confused heap in a corner were the shrieking birds, and in the farthest corner, with a comical blending of fear and amazement in his eyes, crouched Columbus. His fangs were bared, but they were chattering with fright as he continued to stare at the birds as though hypnotised. Their unexpected and terrific burst of cackling had unnerved him.

At a sharp command from Mr. Wirth Columbus walked into his cage with trembling limbs, and as meekly as a lamb.

Jim Donald wrote in "The Daily Mirror":—

In 1908 I went "on the road" with a travelling Boxing Show, which comprised the proprietor (retired Heavyweight Champion of North Queensland), his wife (Lady Boxer), a broken-nosed, door-knobeared ring derelict (hopefully billed as "The Ironbark Indestructible") and myself. The sideshow life was a new and fascinating experience.

I rubbed shoulders with "Fat Ladies," "Living Skeletons," "Egyptian Seers," "Doll Joint" madams, circus riders and tumblers, "spruikers" and dog and monkey menagerie owners.

As the tour progressed, I became pally with a lion tamer and his lady assistant, and often of an evening sat and yarned with them in their caravan. And thereby hangs this tale.

One night the lion tamer said: "You know, Jim, me and the missus ain't married."

I tried to appear very man-of-the-worldish.

"No," he continued, "I pinched her orf so and so (naming a wellknown bush pug) and it was a case of love at first sight, wasn't it, Pet?"

"Too blanky right," replied the "Pet."

"Of course, 'er 'ubby was very annoyed when she ran away with me

and 'e went round yellin' blue murder and wot he'd do to me when he met up with us.

"Well, it was eight months before he run us down at Casino.

"We were livin' in a cottage, and I was sittin' on the step of me big lion Bosco's cage when he rushed into the yard.

"Quick as anything I 'opped into the cage with Bosco.

"'Come out, yer wife stealing cow,' he yelled, 'and I'll kill yer.'

"Just then Bosco let out a shatterin' roar and clawed the bars of the cage like a real wild animal.

"Okay," I ses, "I'm comin' out and Bosco, who doesn't seem to like you, is comin' with me."

"I goes to open the door of the cage and the bloke cleared the fence in 'is stride and never stopped runnin' 'til he reached the railway station. We ain't seen 'im since."



RACING FIXTURES

第4点 (14 字 17) · 表 (14)	
APRIL.	SEPTEMBER.
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 1st	A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 2nd
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting) Saturday, 8th	Canterbury Saturday, 9th
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting) Monday, 10th	的祖祖的 对于特殊的 人名英格兰人姓氏克里特的变体
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting) Saturday, 15th	Tattersall's Saturday, 16th
Rosehill Saturday, 22nd	Rosehill Saturday, 23rd
Canterbury Saturday, 29th	Hawkesbury Saturday, 30th
MAY.	OCTOBER.
Moorefield Saturday, 6th	A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) Saturday, 7th
Canterbury Saturday, 13th	第二条等国际 (1) (1) (1) (1) (1) (1) (1) (1) (1)
Hawkesbury Saturday, 20th	A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) Saturday, 14th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 27th	A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) Saturday, 21st
JUNE.	City Tattersall's Saturday, 28th
Rosehill Saturday, 3rd	
Sydney Turf Club (Randwick), Saturday, 10th	NOVEMBER.
A.J.C. (Winter Meeting) Saturday, 17th	Rosehill Saturday, 4th
A.J.C. (Winter Meeting) Saturday, 24th	Victoria Park Saturday, 11th
JULY.	A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 18th
Canterbury Saturday, 1st	A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 25th
Rosehill Saturday, 8th	The Thirty and the second section of the
Moorefield Saturday, 15th	DECEMBER.
A.J.C Saturday, 22nd	DECEMBER. Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
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A.J.C Saturday, 22nd	Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
A.J.C Saturday, 22nd Victoria Park Saturday, 29th	Moorefield
A.J.C Saturday, 22nd Victoria Park Saturday, 29th AUGUST.	Moorefield
A.J.C	Moorefield

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COONAMBLE

A SUNBURNT country . . . of droughts and flooding rains"—Such a contrast may be used to describe some of the characteristics of Coonamble in the pioneer days—contrast of flood and drought, which in latter days man's progressive ideas have changed to—

man's progressive ideas that constancy.

In July, 1818, Surveyor John Oxley, Doctor Harris, a surgeon of the N.S.W. Corps, Deputy-Surveyor Evans, Botanist Fraser with 12 men and 19 horses left the Macquarie River and headed eastwards.

They found water everywhere and in a torrent of rain discovered and christened the largest river, Castlereagh, after Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh—His Majacety's Foreign Secretary.

esty's Forzign Secretary.
So was the Castlereagh named, amid a flood of water, and Oxley and his party, from July 25th, to August 3rd, 1818, camped on its banks, some 10 miles to the south of where Coonamble stands to-day.

Under very different conditions, however, in March 1829, Captain Sturt, Hamilton Hume, Doctor McLeod and party proceeded towards the Castlereagh, for the country lay in the grip of a disastrous drought, and the noble river, as described by Oxley, was merely a channel about 130 yards wide, overgrown with weeds and bramble with not a sign of water.

Early settlers down the Castlereagh River came just at the close of the 1830's with J. R. Patterson as the first unofficial settler "squatting" on the station called "Coonamble"—in those days spelt "Canamble." Other arrivals before 1840 included William Blackman of "Bullarora" and Nelson Lawson of "Bundy" and in 1844 the names of Walker, Pearce, Merand Nelson Lawson of "Bundy" and in 1844 the names of Walker, Pearce, Mer-rett, McCrae and Brown are recorded as occupying the nearest stations to Coon-

amble.

The site of the town of Coonamble formed part of James Walker's Coonamble run and Coonamble village reserve was proclaimed in 1855. The township was surveyed in 1860 by Lewis Gordon, who fixed the town site on the highest available ground where 10 allotments were offered for sale by auction at Coonabarabran on 13th February, 1861.

The first official Post Office was opened on 1st April, 1859, under the charge of Sarah Burtts, to be followed by Joseph McCullough, who received £12 a year for his services.

Coonamble's first store consisted of a bark structure in Namoi Street, kept by a foreigner who sold to Arthur Wilmott about 1863.

From the 1860's onwards, no history of Conamble district would be complete without the mention of such pioneers as Allison and Downey, S. D. Gordon and Andrew Tobin, Patrick and Daniel McMahon, John and William McMahon, Garret McMahon and Michael Eurimie.

Despite the lack of numbers, inhabitants of Coonamble had plenty of civic pride and as early as 1869, by the efforts of a public-spirited local committee, a school was opened with an average weekly attendance of 31 pupils.

tendance of 31 pupils.

The first newspaper, "The Coonamble Independent," sub-titled "The Castlereagh River Advocate" was established by G. E. Cass in 1878. In the same year, the first hospital was opened in a cottage owned by W. Wilmott; this building contained provision for 4 or 5 patients, but an indefatigable committee worked with such zeal that some six years later an actual hospital was opened. was opened.

Coonamble became a Municipality 1880 with David McCullough as the first Mayor and in 1883 the first show of the Coonamble Pastoral and Agricultural Association was held.

sociation was held.

In the early 90's Wingadee Station, located down river from Coonamble, had one of its greatest wool clips—3,600 bales, netting about £48,000 and which if sold in the peak of our days, would have been worth about £200,000.

The town water supply is obtained from Artesian Bores and this has made a wonderful difference to the pastoral life of the district.

district.

Writing in 1904 regarding the Coonamble area, W. A. Clarke stated: — "Around Coonamble there are two classes of country, the extremely friable soil of open plain, which offers no impediment except a dense mass of herbage, and the high colour soil of sandier texture, on which are patches entirely donuded of vegetation. It is possible to procure on every square mile of country in Coonamble district, a big and perm. amble district, a big and permanent supply of water by tapping the artesian flow. In the 1902

drought, Nedgera Bore supplied water up to 20 miles around."

Thus this district, of such extremes in the early days, has by man's ingenuity in tapping the great underground reservoirs of life-giving water, become stabilised; not "contrast"—but "constancy."

In 1903 the railway line from Dubbo was completed and this achievement brought fresh prosperity to Coonamble; another factor in this direction was the establish-ment of an Experiment Farm, opened in

Coonamble has always been a pastoral centre carrying many sheep whilst cattle and horses are also depastured there.

Wool is naturally the chief product of the district which has, over the years, a splendid record.

And here in this capital of a wool kingdom—whose story is truly representative of the growth of our pastoral industry—there is electric light and power, also a splendid water supply and every in-stitution and organisation for the better-ment and comfort of the community.

So in the pleasant town of Coonamble, situated on the Castlereagh River at its junction with Coonamble Creek, is typified that which has been achieved by man—a striking tribute to the magnificent heritage bequeathed by the pioneers whose record of courage, endurance and enterprise must inspire those who will make the



COONAMBLE BRANCH.

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